

## Pastoral Elegiac Glee.

A DIEU to the village delights,  
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd;  
No longer the country invites;  
To me all its pleasures are void!  
Adieu! thou sweet health-breathing hill;  
Thou canst not my comfort restore;  
For ever adieu, my dear vill!  
My Lucy, alas! is no more.

She, she was the cure of my pain,  
My blessing, my honour, my pride;  
She ne'er gave me cause to complain,  
'Til that fatal day when she dy'd!  
Her eyes that so beautiful shone,  
Are closed for ever in sleep;  
And mine, since my Lucy is gone,  
Have nothing to do, but to weep!

Could my tears the bright angel restore,  
Like a fountain, they never should cease;  
But Lucy, alas! is no more,  
And I am a stranger to peace!  
Let me copy, with fervour devout,  
The virtues which glow'd in her heart;  
Then soon, when life's sand is run out,  
We shall meet again, never to part!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.